

TESTS: The 12 litre Shrew vs. a Brick Wall  
Rodent Testing the New Hartz Mountain 340i Treadmill

# RODENTTRACK

FEBRUARY 1977

UK 65p

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MOUSEPORT '76

*Exclusive Photos*

The 1977 Shrews - a Real Improvement or  
just another body on the same old lemming



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finish 1,2*

*Boris and Natasha lose again*



The University of Toronto Engineering Society

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The original material in this issue was found in NIGHT AND DAY, PENTHOUSE, LAMPOON, Two dozen joke books, Old Toikes, ROAD & TRACK, the insipid minds of the perverts listed above and the fertile imaginations of everyone else listed above. Not to mention those who paid to remain anonymous.

ROD & TROIKE is supposed to be an incredibly witty satire of the world famous car fanatic magazine that we all read and love. Sometimes we amaze even ourselves. This is actually a Toike Oike production, even though we would much rather prefer to deny everything. But the Toike's life work has been building up to this issue. As a matter of fact, I never wanted to do this stupid thing in the first place. How did we ever get talked into it? Shit. Which reminds me, isn't this a RODENT-TRACK? Well?

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## RODENT TESTS

### TEAM CONCRETE

REGRETFULLY MUST ANNOUNCE OUR TEMPORARY  
CESSATION OF CONSTRUCTION OF THIS YEAR'S  
CHAMPIONSHIP  
CONCRETE CANOES

## CREATURES (due to unforeseen circumstances.)

However, we SHALL continue!

Openings are still available for Marine Architects, Olympian paddlers, General Labourers and anyone else (any department, faculty or college welcomed).

## NITS

Until we have a workroom available again, if interested,  
call Michael Lockey 751-2508  
or David Kriger 978-2471

## SHARK MEAT





# People Places

A famous nit once had an antique car, but he had trouble driving it. An instance was reported of him standing beside it after another collision and moaning, "My Essex! Oh, my Essex!" His sweetheart, climbing out with difficulty, commented, "Hell, Twit, so does mine!"

\*\*\*\*\*

After learning that they were all on probation, a Mechanical, a Chemical, and an Eng Sci decided to get really ripped. They went on one hell of a drunk and woke up one morning

about two weeks later, with a hang-over and not a cent in their pockets. They were outside a classy bar when the Mechanical got an idea. He went into the bar and ordered a double rum, and when he had finished, the barman asked for two dollars.

"I already paid you," he said.

"No sir, you did not."

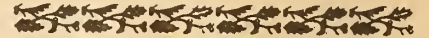
"I damn well did pay you," he replied in a loud voice, "and I'm not going to take any shit..."

"OK, OK," whispered the barman, "please don't disturb the customers."

When the Mechanical got outside he told his buddies what had happened so the Chemical went in and did the same thing. Then the Eng Sci went in, and ordered a double rum. "You know," said the barman, "just before you got here, two other fellows came in and ordered double rums. They swore they paid me, but I can't for the life of me remember it."

"Listen, pal," said the Eng Sci, "You got your problems and I got mine. Just give me the change from my twenty so I can get the hell out of here."

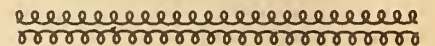
At the local fair, a group of cows about to be auctioned broke loose and wandered in among the musicians from the local band. They gained so much attention from this that when they were finally brought back to the field for auctioning they brought twice the price expected. Which certainly seems to prove that a herd in the band is worth two in the bush.



One romantic night the Toike editor took his girl out for a drive to a sand-pit about six miles from the edge of town. Once he had parked, she snuggled up and moaned, "You can go as far as you like." "Oh, no," he exclaimed, "I can't go any farther, I won't have enough gas to get home!"



The driving instructor suspected that her student could only count by using his fingers. She told him to put his hands in his pockets and then she asked him, "What is five and five?" After a short pause, he hesitantly mumbled, "Eleven?"



Another night, the Toike editor took his love out for a moonlight ride deep into the countryside. He had been wondering how to break the news about his embarrassingly small organ, and had finally decided upon a direct approach. Eventually he found a dark cow path, and pulled over. As she cuddled up to his side, he silently pulled it out and placed it in her hand. "Oh, no thanks," she sighed, "I don't smoke!"

\*\*\*\*\*

The Fiat had piled into a lamp post, and the driver sat swearing horribly at the safety belt which was still firmly holding him in his seat.

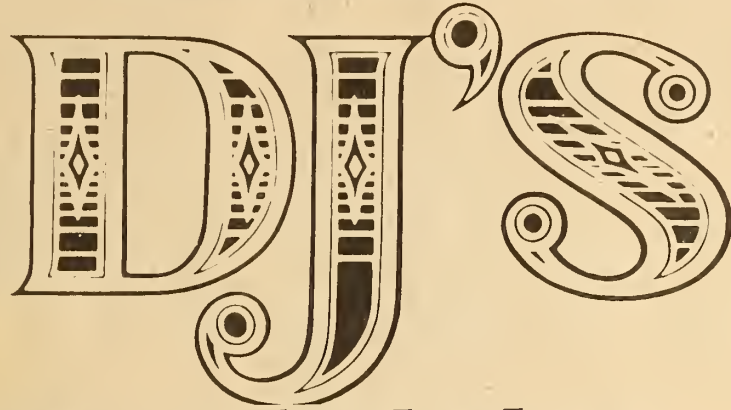
The cop who arrived on the scene of the accident tried to calm the young man down, saying, "Well, sir, the safety belt did a lot of good for you. You ought to be thankful. If you hadn't been wearing it you would have gone straight through the windshield like your lady over yonder."

"For Fuck's sake!" screamed the man, "You're joking! Just look at what she's got in her hand!"



*"Wouldn't it be better if you took off your driving gloves?"*

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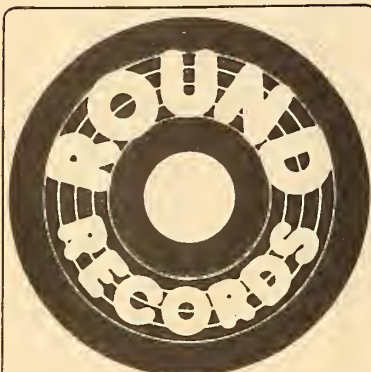
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# Leditors to the Etter

§ Do you know how I might get in touch with a good exorcist? (All the ones I know have become hellish to deal with.) I just bought a new Fiat, and the Italian sports car spirit (that is standard with every car) is driving me crazy. Its always complaining that it's really a Ferrari and that it should be on the Formula One circuit. Whenever I wear my James Hunt autographed driving gloves, it refuses to start. Please help me, I'm getting desparate.

NIT

You don't stand a ghost of a chance!

### New Gear-Shift Covers

Up until this point I have been using the standard latex cover for my shift, but I have been told by a friend that the new brushed denim is definitely the way to go. I'm not sure about this, however, for I prefer the feel of velvet myself. I also wonder about the wearability of the various fabrics. Could you please advise?

I.M.A. Dildo,  
Orono, Ontario.

We suggest caution in choosing this sort of thing. §As we're sure you are aware, the gear shift is a very important part of your vehicle, and, since it will probably be handled often [especially if you have a sportive nature], the tactile sensation is of particular importance. As such, this is mainly a personal choice, although we wouldn't let your friend with the brushed denim get behind us.

As for wear, a certain degree of care should be taken to avoid weak spots and holes, as this greatly mars the appearance of your shift, and makes it undesirable to handle. Latex is good for this, as is any type of fur with a good base, although the latter tends to get worn down rapidly due to frequent use.

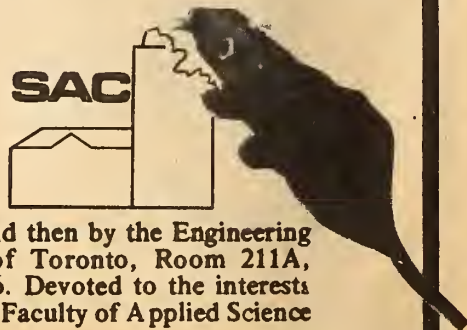
### DIFFERENTIAL DUPLICATION

In 1973, I bought a new Datsun 2900 S.U.X., with the new semifrictional fuel thermalating differential (affectionately known as 'Dee Gear by Dee Axle'). The purpose of this marvie device, I have been told, is to pre-heat the gas before it reaches the engine, thus increasing the Reynold's number of the fluid flow, allowing greater turbulence as the fuel is sprayed into the carburator, reducing knocking up inside engine (and in the car in general). The thing about the new engine that bothers me is that, since the differential has been placed inside the gas tank and no longer needs lubricating (due to the heavy duty nylon sprockets), when I put my leaf springer on my Datsun to lift its rear invitingly in the air, there is no ugly ball sitting atop my axle. What I would like to know is if anyone is manufacturing decorator differential balls for cars, and if so, in what variety and colours are they available?

Buddy Orwell  
Fugitive Dragster Society

## T\*IKE \*IKE

Editor — Alan Flancman  
Ass Editor — Rob Yates  
Managing Editor — Poco  
Business Mgr. — Owen Kurin



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# Co-Ed Ski Races



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## Years Ago in Rod & Troike

The doctor was questioning his patient, a sweet young blonde epileptic, in order to make his diagnosis. "Have you ever jumped up in bed with a jerk?" he asked her. The patient was shocked by his question, and replied, "Why doctor, I'm not even married!"

A girl knocked on the gates of Heaven and St. Peter said, "Are you a virgin, young lady?" and she said she was. "In that case, wait in the ante room while I get Hippocrates our chief physician to examine you."

After the examination, Hippocrates said, "she has seven little nicks around the edges, but no genuine entry, so let her in." then St. Peter got his big book out and asked, "What's your name, dear?" and the girl answered, "Snow White."

The townsman and his host were taking a late evening stroll, and part of their route was through Lovers' Lane.

"Listen," said the townsman, "I keep hearing that noise. Is it crickets?"

"Crickets? Hell, no. Zippers!"

Did you hear about the woman who was nervous about taking her driver's test? As a matter of fact, the night before the test, she swerved in bed to avoid a child.

## MISCELLANEOUS RUMBLINGS BY TONY WOODCHUCK

One day, as Tarzan was merrily swinging on his vine, it snapped, and he fell to the ground with a resounding thud. As he lay upon the jungle floor in a daze, Jane, who had witnessed the mishap, wandered up to him.

"What name," she asked. Tarzan, still dazed, replied, "Tarzan of the Jungle," and then reciprocated with a "What your name?"

"Jane," she replied, to which he queried, "What whole name?" Jane replied. "Cunt."

A wandering Artsman was caught far out in the desert in a severe sandstorm. after five days, the storm had subsided, but he had also run out of water. Realizing that he would never survive, the Artsman decided that his last act would be to make love to his favourite camel. After forcing the camel to its knees, he found he was too weak to hold it down, so he gave up. Lo and behold, a few hours later he sighted a shimmering oasis. As he approached, he was greeted by a naked, voluptuous, exceptionally beautiful young woman.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "At last I'm rescued from the cruel sentence imposed by my step-father. As a reward, I'll do anything you please. Just anything!"

"In that case," replied the Artsman, with a lecherous glint in his eye, "Hold down this fuckin' camel for me!"



# REVIEWS



**This is not a review of SKULE NITE 7T7, but instead a notice to the Class of 7T7 grads.**

Most of us walking around with 7T7 on our sleeves expect to be graduating this year. When that long awaited event occurs, we will be leaving this faculty for bigger and better things. Some, of course, will be staying on to do further academic work. The big thing is that we are finished as undergraduates (in one way or another). After we leave the U of T most will be getting settled down to a long life of work as an engineer, and will be glad to be gone. A few years from now it may be nice to see or hear from your old classmates and know how they are all doing.

The U of T Engineering Alumni Association has all our names as soon as we leave our roles as undergraduates. You will receive copies of their "Alumni News" which will keep you informed on Alumni Association activities and projects. Regular reunions are held which the Alumni runs for your benefit. This sounds very good and is much better if you take the time to find out more, but one thing should be obvious. It takes people who are rather dedicated to keep such an organization going.

Each year as an Engineering class graduates, an election is held within the fourth year class to determine the class permanent executive. The fourth year chairmen will be speaking to all the fourth year classes in all engineering disciplines to explain to

you the election procedure used. If you are interested in a position on the Class of 7T7 permanent executive, all that is needed is that you volunteer for a position or get someone to nominate you. Give your name to your fourth year club chairman or to Jim Picknell and it will be included on the ballots which will be sent around for voting on the 10th and 11th of March.

The positions open for election are:

- Permanent Class President
- Permanent Class Vice-President
- Secretary
- OR Combined
- Treasurer

Also open are Permanent Class Representative positions. For the positions of Class Rep. there is no limit as to how many people fill the positions and it may be advantageous to have more than one for a large class. The for class rep will be run by the Club Chairmen in class and the winning name(s) submitted to Jim Picknell for forwarding to the Alumni.

The job of all these people is to keep the Class of 7T7 together in spirit and to make sure that all its members know what is going on, where, when and why. These jobs are not to be taken lightly because it is on the people who fill them that the rest of us will depend to locate our classmates and find out what is happening around

our university. If you are interested please let us know. It is worth mentioning that it is preferable that the people filling these positions be Toronto based so that communications with the Alumni Association (the parent organization) will be simple, quick, and efficient.

The Alumni Association is the organization which we will all actively belong to after graduation. The Engineering Society keeps us as life members, but our voting rights are lost. The Alumni runs a number of fund raising activities to help support the University and its many projects. Needless to say, most of the money our Engineering Alumni raises goes into the the Faculty of Engineering, for the benefit of undergraduate students. This is not their only activity though, there are a number of re-unions (mentioned earlier) at which you can get together with your old classmates, dances, and other social functions. The Alumni also has representatives on the Faculty Council so that there is a continuing input to the faculty even after leaving it. If you are interested, or want to know more about the whole thing, let your Club Chairman know, or ask Jim (at the Stores), if they can't help you they will put you on to current Alumni members so that things can be explained in more detail. Let's stick together 7T7.





## Vanessa Smith Nurse

### *Everything about it says use me*

We at Rod Troike have tested a lot of hot little foreign jobs but we were most favorably impressed with the '77 version of the nurse, in this case the Vanessa Smith model.

To stimulate sales, the distributor is offering every interested customer a free "at home" demonstration of the performance and comfort of this model of nurse. With inflationary times being what they are, the low price makes this nurse the most incredible buy on the flesh market today.

Outside, Vanessa is a joy to behold, with smooth silky brown upholstery, long blonde hair which we found not to be dyed and deep blue eyes. As tested, our model also had luscious pouting lips, large sculptured breasts, delicately accented with tastefully appointed nipples and a tight little bum that just begged to be squeezed. Also available as an optional extra at slight additional cost, are a pair of large muscular thighs which, the dealer says, can squeeze the life out of you.

Favorably impressed with the design of the model itself, we then turned to the crux of the matter, performance. For, if the truth be known this reporter has encountered many women whose exterior promised nirvana but who, quite frankly, did not perform up to expectation.

Nearly all testing was carried out using fuel recommended by the manufacturer, 86.6 ethanol. When other fuels such as milk, coffee, tea and coke were used, performance dropped off dramatically whereas the use of suitable protein fuel improved transient response and improved acceleration beyond our wildest dreams.

Vanessa was tested in several positions in order that we could accurately assess her abilities under all conditions. The first position tested was four on the floor with particular attention being paid to her rear end as a source of evaluation. Let me tell you, Miss Smith did not disappoint as this reporter rode her for upward of two hours, finding her continually responsive with good acceleration and deceleration

throughout. As tested this nurse proved to be a master of both rotary and piston drive and the only complaint would be her tendency for run-on as demonstrated at the conclusion of the testing.

Our next test was the old-fashioned test with our driver on top so as to evaluate all features of the young lady. Again Vanessa surprised by not only living up to but exceeding the dealer's claims about her. For, once in gear, the driver states that she "handled like nothing I'd ever had before". High praise from a man who has ridden some of the most prestigious women in the world. We at Rod® Troike also noted bruises around the waist of our driver produced by the muscular thighs of young Vanessa (optional extra at slight additional cost). Truly she is a nurse to be reckoned with, repeatedly.

Other tests were performed but the results were all the same. The ride, as expected, is firm, well controlled and wonderfully supple. The revised springing and damping result in a harsher ride than the earlier model nurse. The difference is most noticeable in her dip-taking ability. She bottoms out less easily than the earlier models. Responsive, quick and "fun to drive" cropped up repeatedly from our drivers with constant references to "tightness" and "hot as an oven" thrown in for good measure.

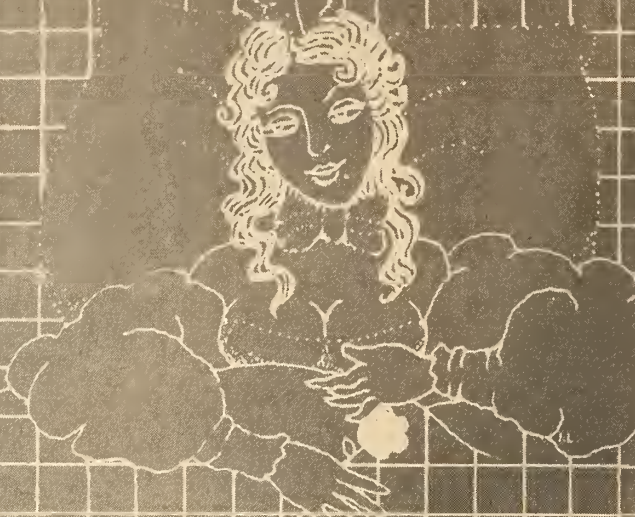
In conclusion, we at Rod 0 Troike have to say that Vanessa was, in our testing, from her hot, furry little cunt to her all engulfing mouth, one of the most comfortable, versatile and active models we have ever tested. She is responsive, yet almost capable of reacting wildly on her own. Well worth buying for the man who wants a piece of luxury, if only for a while.

Over the years the basic nurse has evolved very little until now. Sure there have been the High Performance packages with bigger cylinders for higher compression, wider hips and bigger cushions, but it is now the svelter, more responsive easily obtainable nurse which brings the exotic within reach of the plebian masses.





# nit



SCALES  
& FINS

## PRICE

(suggestive) Lust price . . . . .  
\$5/throw, \$15 till noon  
Price as tested includes standard equipment (air conditioning, leather upholstery, prophylactics, penicillin, dealer prep)

## DRIVETRAIN

Transmission. . . 4-sp. manual  
(electric overdrive, Laycock)  
Gear ratios:  
5th(0.95). . . . .4.40:1  
4th(1.24). . . . .5.74:1  
3rd(1.69). . . . .7.82:1  
2nd(2.37). . . . .10.97:1  
1st(3.58). . . . .16.58:1  
Final drive ratio . . . .4.63:1

## CALCULATED DATA

Kg/bhp(test weight) . . . 0.29  
Kph/1000 rpm (5th gear) . . .  
35.44  
Brake swept area, sq m/tonne .  
0

## INSTRUMENTATION

Instruments . 300-kph speedo,  
10,000 rpm tack, 99,999  
odometer, 999.9 odo, oil  
press., oil temp, coolant  
temp, fuel level, clock,  
fare meter  
Warning lights . parking brake,  
alternator, low fuel, fan on,  
lights on, seatbelts, hazard,  
high beam, directionals

## GENERAL

Race weight, kg . . . . . 118  
Test weight, kg . . . . . 169  
Weight distribution (with  
driver), front/rear, % . . 80/20  
Length, m . . . . . 1.395  
Width . . . . . variable  
Height . . . . . 1.80 in heels  
Ground clearance . . . . . nil  
Overhang, front/rear . . . .  
36C/negligible  
Usable trunk space, cc . . . .  
2pi(Ri-Ro) (variable depth)  
Fuel capacity, litres. . . . .  
pour me another

## CHASSIS & BODY

Layout . . . usually horizontal  
or on knees  
Body/frame . . . monocoque,  
front/rear liquid filled shock  
absorbing bumpers  
Brake system . . . . . none  
Tires . . . . . never  
Steering type . . recirculating  
ball  
Front suspension . . .unequal-  
length A-arms, coil springs,  
tube shocks, anti-roll bar  
Rear suspension . . .unequal-  
length A-arms, coil springs,  
tube shocks, anti-roll bar

## ENGINE

Type . . .reciprocating, single  
cylinder  
Bore x stroke .rarely x 25 per  
Equivalent in . . . . . deep  
Displacement, cc. . . see trunk  
capacity  
Compression ratio. . . . in/out  
Bhp@Rpm, DIN. . . 590@7900  
Equivalent kph . . . . 280  
Torque@rpm, kg-m . 61@5400  
Equivalent kph . . . . 200  
Fuel injection . . .mechanical,  
friction fit  
Fuel requirement . . premium,  
86.6 proof

## ACCOMODATION

Seating capacity, persons. .1-3  
Seat width . . . . . 45.0  
Head room. . . . . always  
Seat back adjustment, deg . . .  
170

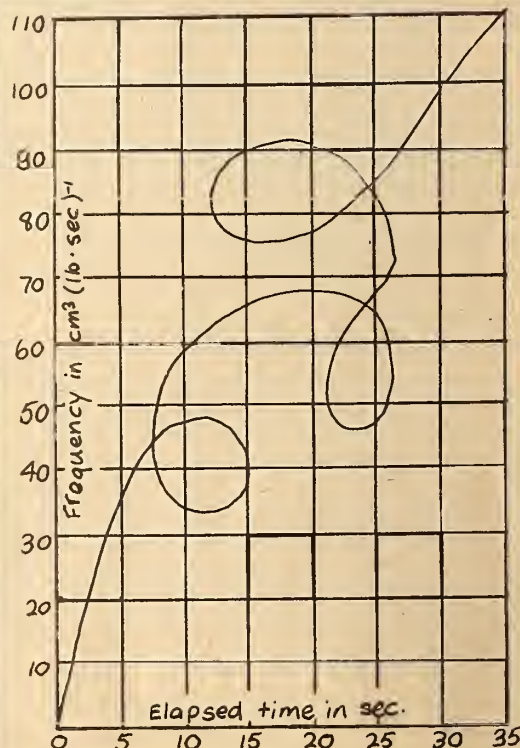
## MAINTENANCE

Service intervals, km . . . . .  
Chassis lube . . . . . daily  
Tuneup . . . . . 10,000  
Warranty, mo/km . . 12/20000

## RELIABILITY

From R&T owner surveys the average number of problem areas for all models surveyed is 12. An average of 7 of these problem areas is considered serious enough to constitute reliability areas that could keep the nurse out of bed. As owners of earlier model nurses reported 7 problem areas and 4 reliability areas, we expect the overall reliability of the nurse to be better than average.

## ACCELERATION





# The split sausage

Thousands Assemble to hear Morning BNAD Concert

Never before have the masses swarmed to attend a concert by the World Famous Triple Prize Winning and now Record Setting Lady Godiva Memorial Band (better known as the World Famous Triple Prize Winning soon to be Record Setting Lady Godiva Memorial Band) as did early on the morn of Thursday, February 10, 1977. The reason for this large attendance was the excellent advertising and forewarning of this momentous event by Eaton's Ltd. Not only was John Craig Eaton himself in attendance, but so was Willy Davis and the President of the Imperial Bnak of Commerce. They should feel duly honoured.

As the WFTPWANRSLGMB entered the Centre of Eatons, they were enthusiastically greeted by members of Toronto's Boys in Blue, and were allowed entrance due to their excellent disguise as common spectators.

But lo, they had been betrayed! Already in attendance was a despicable imposter band, having disguised themselves as the true one and only band by dressing in red jackets. But fear not, dear readers, as the bnad was not discouraged, but was rather only more determined to set things straight as to who was the REAL Bnad.

The band then threaded their way through the multitude issuing such comments to the rabble as 'Excuse me', 'Pardon me please', 'Let the band through please', and 'Get the fuck out of my way you enormous tit' until the platform was in sight.

But Horrors! The illustrious leader Roborbob had been accosted by a 7-foot, 350-lb ocifer with complete riot control gear. But the wit and intelligence of the glorious leader came to the rescue as illustrated by the following exchange:

Ocifer: What are you doing here?

Roborbob: We are the bnad.

Ocifer: Nonsense.

Roborbob: Nonsense?

Ocifer: Nonsense. The band is already here.

Roborbob: You mean those guys with the unbent trumpets and the cute hats with the red feathers?

Ocifer: What are you doing here?

Roborbob: Looking for the back door.

Ocifer: The back door is over there.

Roborbob: I know.

Ocifer: Oh. So why are you still here?

Roborbob: Because the back door is over there.

Ocifer: You are here to create a disturbance. If you wreck this ceremony, you won't see daylight for ten years.

Roborbob: I don't even know those other guys and girl in the yellow hard-hats. I'm here to shop for my crippled grandmother on Jarvis Street.

Ocifer: Well . . . OK. But if anything funny happens, I'll kick you where your mother never kissed you.

Roborbob: (aside) A lot you know!

Ocifer: I'll have to report this. What's your name?

Roborbob; Jim Nasium.

Ocifer: Wise guy, eh?

Roborbob: (issues garbled strangling noises)

Ocifer: Good day.

Bnadmembers: Good day.

Roborbob: Grawflnusyyrrwsfnghnn-wrshfnnn (gasp) grnffls

Bnadmembers: (picking Roborbob off the floor) Nice officer.

Roborbob: Rroooowl oof grnlwrl thhe Godivaa (gasp)!

And so, thanks to the leader, the concert began, as the enthralled multitude gathered to watch the famous bnamsmen at their best.

Later, it was discovered that the officer had submitted the following report to police headquarters:

On Thursday, Feb. 10 at 9:47 a.m., the security force discovered saboteurs from the enemy company (the Bay) attempting to pass themselves off as Bnamsmen of the Lady Godiva Memorial Band, in order to wreak chaos and mass murder on those attending the performance of the True Bnad. They were spotted by outside security immediately, and were recognized as imposters without trouble, as they remained quiet and attentive to the ceremony for over half an hour — an act of which no true bnamsmen is capable. I am happy to report that the efforts were successfully thwarted, although their leader duplicated the ignorance and inanity of the LGMB leader excellently, and in fact, almost convinced me that he was telling the truth.







# Fuel infected Street Legal Volks

## or How to Blow the Doors off Vettes

By Henry A. Mammary

I was fed up with my 1600 cc. Volks. The damned thing got 50 mpg., needed oil changes every 3000 days, and ate through tires like they were made of titanium. No matter how often I decided to wax the car, it would always shine like a brand new coat of paint; I was wasting my time. Once my neighbour accidentally opened his door into mine and his entire door folded over like toilet paper.

Needless to say, aggravation like this could not be tolerated for long. One day while I was pulled over to the side of the road by some cop for failing to see a class of schoolkids at a crosswalk, I saw a Vette through the bloodstained windshield. I flicked on the wipers to get a better look, and broke three of the cop's fingers while he was ticketing the car.

The Vette sneered at me, the passenger shouted out "Wanna drag?" in a very sarcastic tone, and squealed away on the policeman's foot. There was absolutely no way I was going to stand for this. I slammed the stickshift into reverse, backed out over the OPP motorcycle, slammed it into forward and took off, spinning the cop into the path of an oncoming tractor trailer.

After 50 seconds of hard acceleration, I finally managed to shift into second gear. I glanced into the rear-view mirror and saw that the trailer had tumbled across three lanes of traffic, and had hit a propane truck heading the other way. The entire block was enveloped in a fiery cloud of liquid death.

I might have switched into third gear easily within the next half hour if only I had gassed up the month before. Having foolishly neglected this, I glided to a stop three miles up the road. I resolved then and there to modify my Volkswagen, and then to seek revenge on all Vettes.

I went back home by tow truck and locked myself in the garage so I could begin planning my new "Amazo-Volks" as I fondly called it.

After a month of work, my health was low but my spirits were high. I had carefully built everything into this car so that it appeared as unpretentious as possible. Looking at the car

through the side windows gave the impression of a normal back seat. This was a bit of clever trickery on my part because I pasted a picture of the back seat on each rear window to hide the new engine within.

I took the beast out on the roads and anxiously awaited the arrival of a Vette. My car sounded rather sickly, and, as it was idling on three cylinders instead of four, it seemed a bit rough. Clouds of thick blue smoke poured out of the exhaust as quarts of oil successfully evaded the rings. There was the distinct clacking sound of a muffler with a gaping hole in it.

Sure enough, a Vette pulled up and looked over. He had an insipid grin his face. Jokingly, he gunned his engine; the beautiful bass sounds of his well-tuned engine rattled the headlights off my car. He gunned it again and put a crack in my windshield.

I couldn't contain myself. I looked over at him and said "Wanna drag?", with all the sarcasm and rudeness that working on this magazine had taught me. He doubled over with laughter, and kept laughing for so long that he vomited on the dashboard.

That did it. The light turned green, and I flipped the switch marked "Engine" and chose sub mode V-16. The three pistoned starter motor slowly bought the slumbering V-16 to life, and it announced itself with the deep throaty sounds that only 1300 horsepower could produce. The entire carborundum reinforced heavy duty frame shook as the engine turned over at 200 rpm.

I looked over to the Vette and saw a puzzled, questioning look on the driver's face. Meanwhile, behind me I spotted an OPP cruiser carrying two cops. I'd waited so long for this opportunity that I decided to go ahead with it anyway.

I flipped the switch marked "Headers" and the usual, cheap VW mufflers fell off (I hadn't quite perfected this yet) and massive headers were manoeuvred into place by sophisticated servo mechanisms. I tapped the pedal lightly, and the tack needle jumped up to 12,800 rpm; the oil pressure



guage groaned out loud while the liquid nitrogen cooling system temperature guage signalled "cold". The Vette was decidedly confused, so I eased the gas pedal down to half way, putting a huge fracture in the sidewalk.

I looked the driver right in the eye, then I hammered the pedal to the floor so hard that I bent the linkage. The engine roared like a Saturn V and a massive ball of orange flame literally exploded behind me. Unfortunately, this incinerated the police car behind me, leaving only what looked like two briquettes and a pistol lying on the pavement.

I flipped the switch marked "Hydraulic Clutch" and the first gear slipped in comfortably. The tires squealed horrendously as the pavement became molten below them. The spray of rubber coated the cars behind me as the Vette stepped on his pedal, hoping for an early lead. I began to lose sight of the ground as the front end lifted into the air. The tack needle wrapped itself around the stop pin three times; the oil pressure guage let an agonizing howl and committed suicide; the cooling system signalled "Warm" so I decided to switch into second gear.

I dumped the clutch pedal and the temperature guage evaporated. Suddenly the wheels got a grip, and I was accelerated with a force of 6 g's. I felt my heart bounce off my spine as the backup digital tack which reads in scientific notation came on.

People on the curbs looked on in horror as they saw my intake manifold creating such a powerful suction that it was pulling pedestrians off the road. I decided to really impress them so I switched to V-20 submode. The orange flame gave way to ultraviolet as the last four cylinders came electrically alive. The tach went nova and the carpets ignited as I was thrown back into the seat with a further 3 g's.

I looked into the rearview mirror and saw that the Vette had caught the tail end of my flame and had burst on fire. The windows in the buildings all around us suddenly shattered as the Vette's gas tank detonated. Figuring that the race was over, I flipped the switch marked "Power Brakes" and a single three inch steel bar punched into the pavement from under the chassis, bringing the car to a standstill, and me tonear death within a tenth of a second.

I looked around in a daze as I stepped out of the car. Then, out of nowhere, a Civic literally rocketted by, spinning me through some dog dung and into a sewer.

When I awoke, the doctors said I had radiation burns of the type people suffer from severe exposure to nuclear piles. Apparently, I have a year at the outside.

So, anyone interested in modifying their VW's should get in touch with me in the maximum isolation intensive care unit at TGH. In the meantime, I've been working on Fusion drive for a Mini, and I fully intend to go after that Civic as soon as the boys at the Clarke certify me as street legal again.



## Program Confirmation

### TO ALL ENGINEERING STUDENTS

The last date for adding/subtracting Spring Term courses, or for dropping full year courses, was January 21, 1977.

The last date for second or higher year students to drop Spring Term courses is February 25, 1977. (First Year students may not reduce their course load.)

You will be evaluated in all courses in which you are enrolled as of 4:00 p.m. Friday, February 25, 1977. You will not receive credit for any courses not officially on your record as of that date, and you will receive a failing grade in

any course on your record as of that date which you do not complete.

The official statement of the courses in which you are currently enrolled is the last timetable you received from the Faculty Office. It is in your own interest to check it carefully and report any errors to the Faculty Office by February 25.

If you have lost your timetable, a new copy may be obtained from the Faculty Office, GB 157.

P. Boulton  
Associate Dean





## How to Rat Race

Plagued with organizational difficulties since September and even earlier (those of you who attend council meetings would know), the Nth Annual Car Rally 1976 Edition finally became reality on what was to become known as "Black Sunday" November 21. . Weeks of careful reconnoiterring and meticulous route plotting preceeded the event.

As is typical for anything, the preparations for this rally were completed with total efficiency at 3 am on the morning of the event. The rally followed a roughly circular path looping its way from the start in front of Convocation Hall, east to Stouffville, north to Alliston and west to Hart House Farm. The actual route was the finest collection of Ontario roads, ranging from multi-lane highway and paved roads to the best back roads the province could muster.

Thus it was early on that grey and cold day that all seventeen entrants lined up for scrutineering at the starting line. After considerable debate it was decided that all the cars entered met the minimum safety requirements. Thereafter, a drivers and navigators meeting was called to order and a final briefing was conducted during which the teams were instructed to line up in order of their starting position next to the check-out car. Incredible as it may seem, the entrants lined up in the correct order.....facing the wrong direction! Fortunately, this situation was rectified quickly enough that the first car pulled away on time at the stroke of 10:01 am. Following cars were started at one minute intervals.

Each team was handed a sealed instruction envelope immediately prior to departure. Contained within were the certified fool-proof, supremely easy to follow, guaranteed correct instructions and five in-case-you-get-totally-lost-through-your-own-stupidity-emergency-get-you-back-on-route instruction envelopes. More about these later.

Instead of making the rally into a timed section competition, organizers Charles Blum and Alan Flancman provided a list of questions to be answered by each crew en route. Strangely enough, when it came to answering the questions none of the entrants it seems could count to 89 which was the number of ties at a railway crossing.

A few miles west of Newmarket, the Toyota of Owen Kurin- Ellen Rochman found a patch of ice at the crest of a small rise and proceeded to, in the words of a nearby spectator, "...execute the most graceful tumbling routine I've seen since the Montreal Olympics." They rolled. After a leisurely

stop in Newmarket General for a few Valium and Darvon(ahh, the pause that refreshes), they headed home in their chauffeur driven limo to plan strategy for next year's rally.

In any event, the remaining entrants pressed onward and were treated to a wide variety of roads with incredibly high enjoyment indexes including multiple esses capable of being took at at least 105 kph and some really remarkable blind turns. Dave Hopper driving a Fiat 128 claimed to have bent his front end on on section of route he claimed was "a cow path". It really doesn't matter though as shortly thereafter he claimed that a piston went through the hood of his car rendering it temporarily unserviceable.

Eventually all the remaining vehicles and crews made it to Hart House Farm where they were treated with a variety of wines, cheeses and nourishment of a carnivorous nature. In the end, the victors were Brian Doherty-Margaret Morris in a Camaro. The team of Jarle Rasmussen-Denise Stevens put a death grip on last place by managing to get themselves totally lost three times. Well, it takes all types.

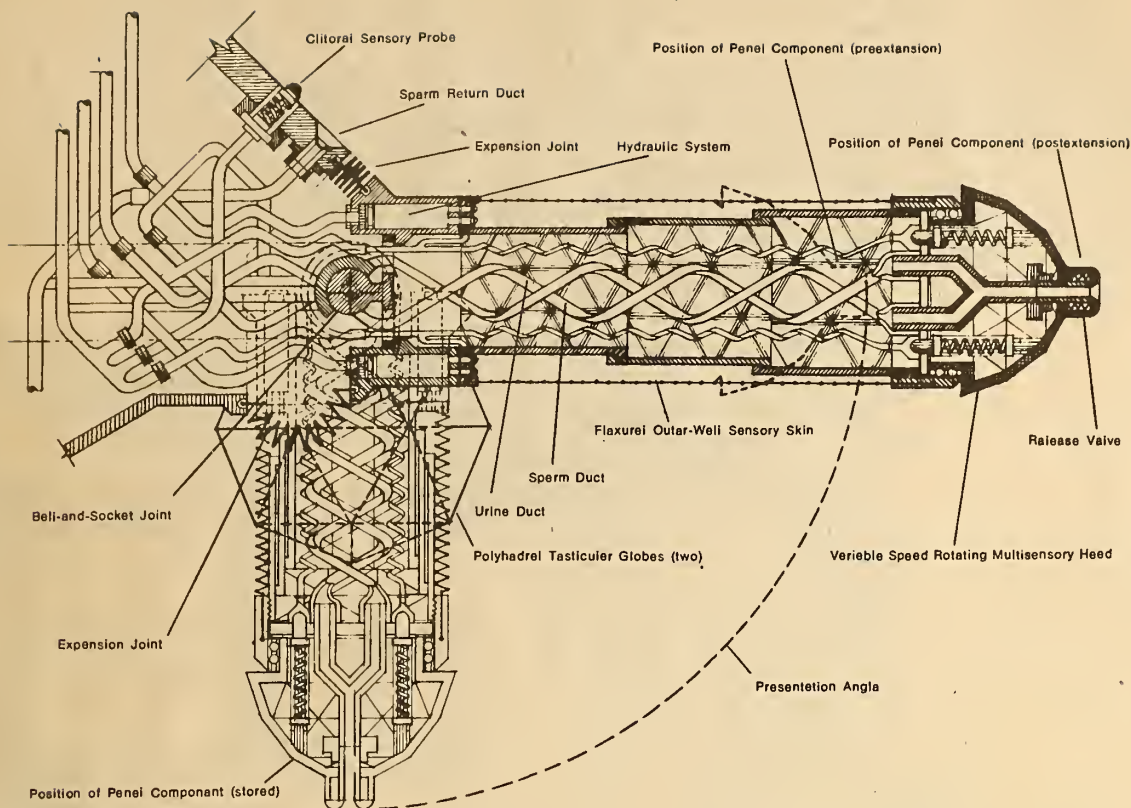
Special thanks goes out to Labatt's for supplying the prizes again this time round. And a good time was had by nearly all.

### Rally of the Big Slip

November 21, 1976

Drivers	Car	Time
1. B. Doherty/M. Morris	Camaro	5:08.8
2. A. Forrest/C. Harron	Honda Civic	5:14.4
3. G. Fogliato/M. Morrow	Fiat 128	5:17.0
4. T. Maio/K. Semple	Mustang II	5:53.9
5. P. Ledas/C. Widgeny	Pinto	5:59.3
6. R. Leong/S. Leong	Fiat 128	6:05.8
7. J. Nenniger/I. Popig	Mustang	6:19.9
8. G. Landa/A. Zielinski	Celica	6:21.8
9. R. Francis/C. Gray	Valiant	6:31.0
10. J. Beaton/D. Love	Capri	6:34.4
11. C. Willis/E. Boston	Volvo 144S	6:34.6
12. P. Horn/M. Morris	Comet	6:40.9
13. D. Walker/K. Warga	Corolla	6:42.5
14. D. Hopper/L. Gleeson	Fiat 128	6:51.9
15. C. Webber/J. MacDonald	Malibu	7:30.0
16. J. Rasmussen/D. Stevens	Mustang	10:07.0
17. O. Kurin/E. Rochman	Corolla	DNF





# AMC Penis

Road and Troike, being a magazine for fanatics, has compiled a special sasquatchcentennial road (or should that be rod) test. It is on this note that we bring you a test of the AMC (Average Mechanical's and Civil's) PENIS.

Today the trend is towards down-sizing, but the AMC PENIS, due to its larger size, has a tremendous advantage over the smaller lighter imports. Its large size is directly responsible for its comfort and ride. Riding it will give the most pleasurable sensations, the overall feeling being smooth (although sometimes quite jerky) and exciting. AMC has shown that it is possible to have a good ride with a hard suspension. In fact, "the harder the better" was the consensus among our nursing rod testers.

Handling characteristics proved very good. The best way to handle the AMC PENIS is in a somewhat tongue-in-cheek manner, off again, on again. These methods showed tremendous response. The PENIS is also very sensitive to any undulating conditions.

Although under normal handling the AMC PENIS is very durable and long lasting, extreme caution must be taken in rubbing it the wrong way. It is very

sensitive to any sharp (teeth for instance) and blunt objects (misplaced knees). These can seriously hinder performance.

Cold starting is a delight. Just jump on, play with the starter for a bit, and in no time it will be revving freely as it races through beaver country. Again, caution must be taken to avoid extreme cold as this tends to cause severe shrinkage of the driveshaft.

Remember, the AMC PENIS is a finely tuned machine, throbbing and pulsating with energy as it brings you to the climax of motoring enjoyment.

The styling is streamlined, yet very strong looking. The massive head, with its wedge shaped styling, and the centre ridge, which offers support and comfort, help make it a proven performer in anyone's tunnel (wind).

Speaking of styling and wind brings us to taste. Some would say the PENIS is tasteless, some would say it is very tasteful. All agree, though, that after a good wash and shine the PENIS tastes best.

Maintenance intervals are few. Frequent washing will prevent rust (especially around underwear). Other

than that, a good romp through bush country everyday will keep it revving strong.

If the AMC PENIS is ever flat, a hand jack should be sufficient to restore it to its hardness. More sophisticated methods may be used if desired.

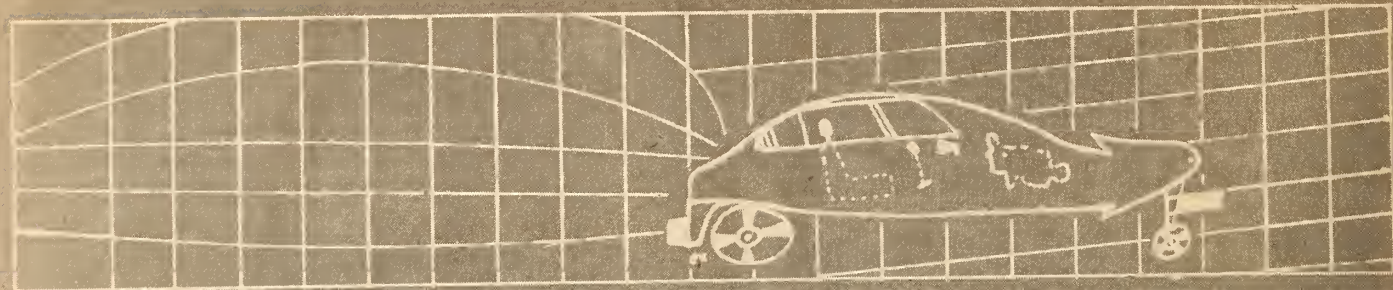
Rider protection is of prime concern to the manufacturer who offers as an option a thin rubber cover. This will protect the rider from picking up any unwanted passenger, and will also protect the PENIS from any dirt or germs it may encounter on its travels.

Performance tests showed that the AMC PENIS is by far the strongest. It outdistances all jocks, foresters and artsies.

Our 10 rod testers (nurses all) had these complaints with the competitors; jocks: smelled like a pig skin foresters: soft and green like a young tree artsies: like sitting on a pickle.

In what is considered a market full of ups and downs, it is good to know that there is something available for the enjoyment of all (nurses and other females). Good work, AMC. Keep it up and keep them cumming.





## PRICE

List price POE. . . . . \$3329  
Price as tested. . . . . \$3725  
Price as tested includes 10  
extra-strong rubbers.

## GENERAL

Curb weight, lb. . . . . 3  
Test weight . . . . . 3.5  
Weight distribution  
front/rear, %. . . . . 57/43  
Diameter, in. . . . . 3  
Length . . . . . 5  
flaccid . . . . . 5  
erect . . . . . 10  
Ground clearance . . . . . 38  
Overhang (front) . . . . . 10  
Usable space . . . . . all 10 inches  
Head width . . . . . 3  
length . . . . . 4.5

## ENGINE

Type . . . . . erected 1 cylinder  
Boring & stroke . . . . .  
never boring, stroke gently  
Displacement, cc/cu.in. . . . .  
1968/120  
Pumping ratio . . . . . 10.5:1  
Density @ erection . . . . . 5

Fuel requirement . . . . . good  
blowjob to clear deposits  
Emissions, gram/climax  
sperm. . . . . .02  
semen . . . . . 1.0  
piss . . . . . .0  
Lubrication . . . . . self-lubricating

## CHASSIS AND BODY

Layout . . . . .  
Body/frame . . . . . unil skin  
Brake system . . . . . can't  
break it but be very careful  
not to kick or bite  
Body styles two circumcised,  
foreskin mode.  
Steering type recirculating balls  
Suspension . . . . . solid live axle,  
independent balls  
Balls . . . . . two, suspended in sac

## ACCOMODATION

Riding capacity, nurses . . . . . 1  
Very accomodating  
Seating . . . . . Screw type

## MAINTENANCE

Service intervals. . every night,  
morning, etc. . .

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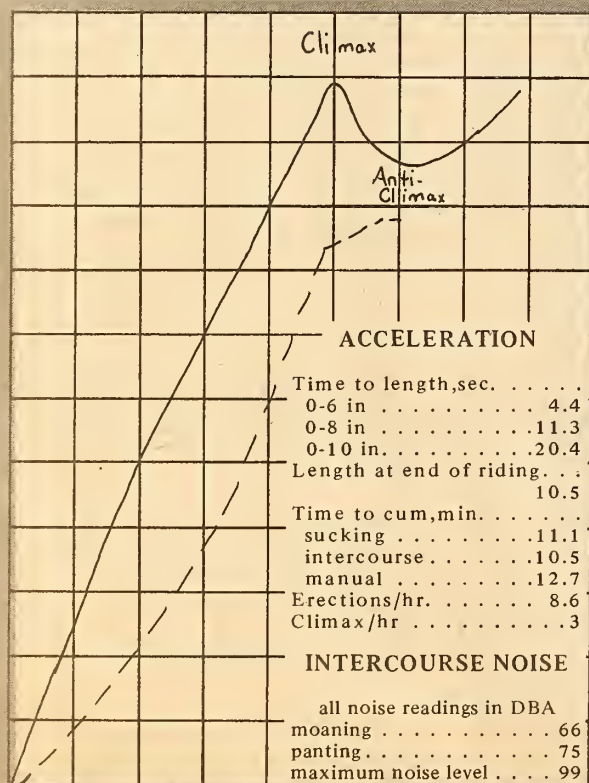
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**CLOSING DATE MARCH 4th, 1977.**





# No.1 in Racing.

Because of the prudes, who frown on any sexual advice that may be given by doctors, many eminently qualified physicians and even researchers avoid the subject: can sex kill?

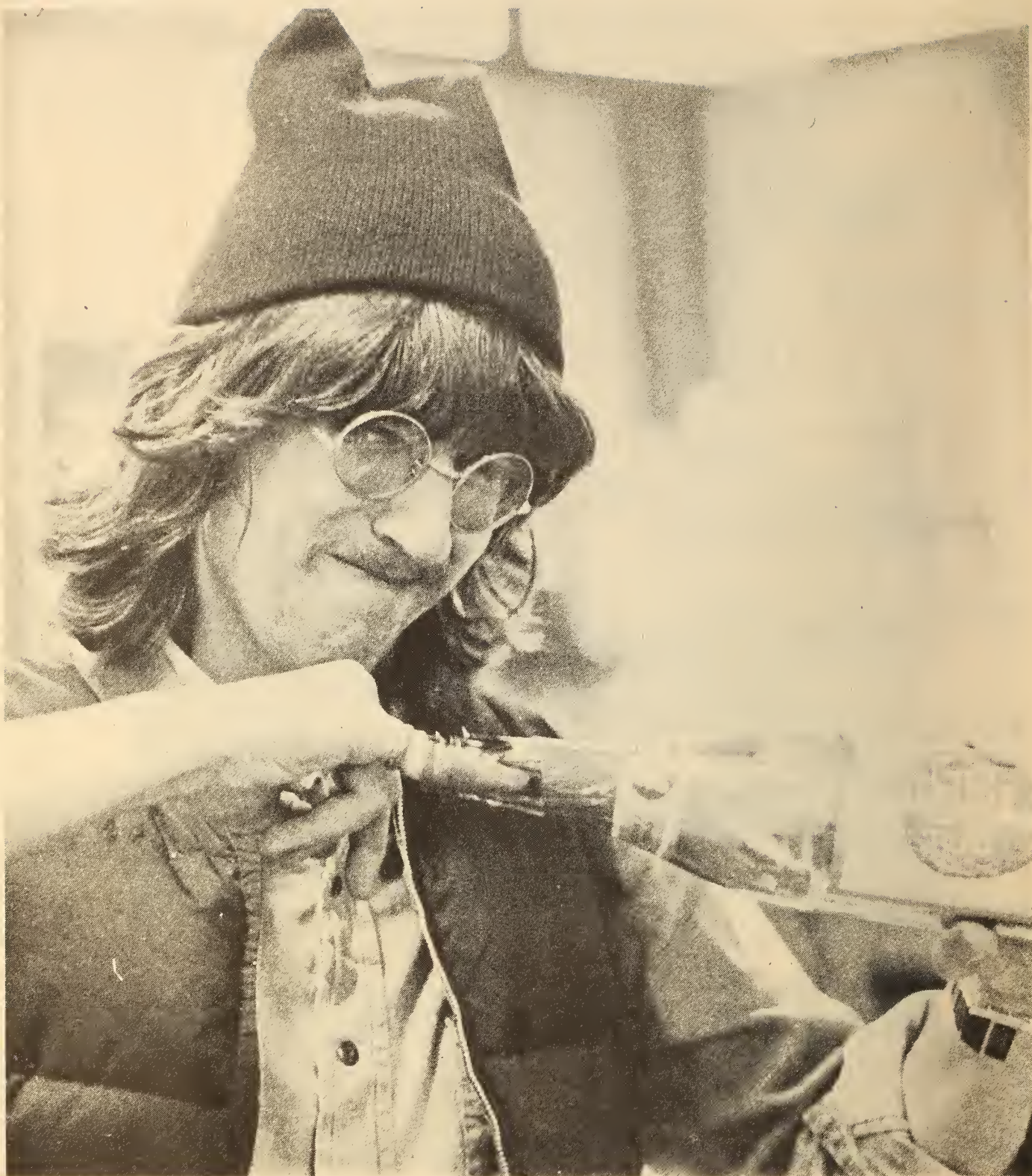
As one eighty-seven-year-old

man was told by his physician, upon marrying a 19-year-old girl, "I feel I should warn you sex could be fatal." The octogenarian shrugged and said laconically, "So if she dies—she dies!"

## We've got your plug.



# BS



A Cadillac mean if you pull its tail.



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